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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλον τι καὶ θεῖον ἐστίν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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WE have often been seduced into a very wilderness of speculation, as to whereabouts in the scale of humanity stands the parish-church-organist in the opinions of his employers and payers. Did it ever enter the heads of parson, clerk, or congregation, that the man, for whose “patronage” their penny-in-the-pound liberality is exercised, *might*, perchance, possess the feeling, the mental dignity, the intellect of an artist? Do they ever reflect, or could they, reflecting, comprehend that, despite their indifference on the subject, music *might* be something more than mere idle sound—that its origin and object are alike divine—that a slow-processed and laborious education, only, will lead to the acquirement of its mechanism—that enthusiastic feeling alone can snatch its beauties; and that it is the individual prerogative of genius—the brightest crown placed by the Deity on mortal heads—to wield its utmost powers? Such queries as these may seem abundantly ungracious in the teeth of this professedly music-loving, and practically opinion-giving age; but the matters they touch upon are, we have reason to know, not the less legitimately debateable. It may seem a needless effort of curiosity to enquire if, in the opinions of people who rush to concerts and operas as though music were to them a kind of mental oxygen, that which is, we contend, a necessary and not an accessory to divine worship, be worth a moment’s thought for its comprehension, or an additional sixpence for its greater cultivation; and still more strangely incredulous may appear a doubt whether those, the church’s ministers, who, in olden time, were, at once by choice and compulsion, the church’s musicians, do not esteem it beneath the dignity of their cloth to regard the subject of musical performance otherwise than as a where-withal to fetter and perplex the efforts of their organists—but the truth must be

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spoken; we feel compelled to doubt all this;—nay, more, we do not hesitate to venture a deliberate opinion that, with the one class, church-music is regarded as a vexatious pretext for levying taxes on their unwilling pockets; and by the other, just tolerated as a customary, but even somewhat profane, nuisance. In fact, no other process of reasoning can be devised to account for the utter degradation into which this branch of art—more especially in parochial churches—has fallen. Look where we will round London, we find the state of what organists call “Sunday duty” nearly invariable; and the more modern the church, the more apposite the example. In every other street stands some spacious and elegant temple, be cushioned, be carpeted, be pictured, and fitted up with preachers and congregations to match; luxurious carriages ceaselessly stream up to the doors, and pour forth their living types of the pomps and vanities of the world—every thing within and without, from the jaunty attire of the congregational sprigs of loveliness, to the gold-laced coat of the corpulent beadle, bespeaks wealth and magnificence, except that unconsidered trifle, music—poverty-stricken, debased, music. Granted, we have all—that is, *nearly* all, the *words* of the liturgy, often very indifferently read, and always very inefficiently responded to; neither can we be unmindful of the long sermons—too frequently like “long passages that lead to nothing;” but who thinks of the music? What becomes of that soul-ennobling existence which, on some occasions, was even deemed worthy to accompany the Creator’s visitations on his earth? Do we cease to remember that with the delivery of the law itself—that law on the constant defiance of which by erring humanity, stand the foundations of these very temples and their warning voices—there were “thunderings and lightnings, *and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud?*” Ought we to regard the customs of our forefathers, worshipping sometimes in the visible presence of the Deity, as matters of option, or taste, or worse—of indifference? Reason and decency alike proclaim that this should not be; while fashion, backed by pseudo-religion and real hypocrisy, with out-balancing power perpetuates its existence. Thus do we find a vital element of devotional exercise passed by as a thing of venial commission or omission at pleasure—thus do we find a real and essential sublimity treated as a mere relief to the more laborious parts of public worship—thus do we find in the words of the prayer-book—“To be said or sung”—an intolerable compromise betwixt the intentions of the ancient church and the inability of her modern servitors!

“We will not commit the supererogation of bringing up authorities to combat this deplorable state of church-music—nay, even of church-worship: every school-boy who has read a chapter of the Bible, or conned a leaf of ecclesiastical history, can quote the voice of inspiration from the one, and the witness of tradition from the other, much more than sufficiently for the purpose:—our business is simply with the matter as it is. Music, then, in our churches, is, incontrovertibly, the last consideration. The architect begins the mischief by constructing a church inadequate to the receipt of an organ, and parochial parsimony furthers the indecency by providing an organ inadequate to the necessities of the

church. From this point matters are conducted somewhat after the fashion of a Dutch auction. The meanest possible organ is procured at the lowest possible price, and any performer is "appointed" who is found willing to barter his sabbath rest for the most utterly miserable stipend. But suppose him a man of ability and thoroughly artist-like feeling, what is his "duty?" Is he permitted to exercise his educational discretion between right and wrong—to resuscitate the traditional glories of ecclesiastical music—in fact, to devote the brightest inspirations of human genius to the service of their Author? No, indeed;—if he were so, he might, perhaps, did he devoutly love his art, find in the dignity of his station some small recompence for its poverty of emolument. He must play voluntaries, timed to a second, and "loud" or "soft" at the caprice of his clerical superior—psalm-tunes, in the choice and performance of which he is tied to the vulgar tastes of a musically-illiterate congregation—and "interludes" in which the slightest departure from the most morbid common-place is sure to provoke censure from every pharisaical coxcomb who happens to be within ear-shot. Should he, taking a lesson from the birth-place of the *chorale*, enrich the unisonous march of a psalm with grand and beautiful harmony or dextrous contrapuntal treatment, he is sure to be reminded by some stickler for "propriety" that "his office is *solely* to lead the congregation;"—the said stickler meanwhile forgetting that were his position true, Old Bach himself were no better organist than the meanest tyro, and, moreover, that the unanimous opinion of continental Europe is against him. Should he exert himself in extemporaneous performances of befitting excellence, twenty-four hours roll not over his head before he receives a hint that "the levities of a theatre are not admissible in a place of worship." Should he, in fine, consecrate the worthiest emanations of his art to the worthiest of all purposes, he inevitably runs the gauntlet of indignity among all in authority, either over or under him, from the minister at the head of the church, down to the jack-in-office who, with a grudging fist, pays him for a year's servitude a sum which he can only just press on the acceptance of the man who rubs down his horse.

In Germany, the possession of a church-organ confers rank. The organist *there* must be a musician in the strictest sense of the term, for his duties are onerous; music is considered essential to devotion, it is handed over to his unfettered command, and his hearers seek pleasure from, and can criticise, his efforts. With us, on the other hand, the church-organist neither enjoys importance or consideration of any kind. Of the three classes, the man of first-rate merit speedily grows disgusted with the yoke imposed on him, and either resigns his office, or pursues his own inclination in defiance of censure and opposition; the performer of somewhat humbler rank remains stationary in acquirement, or dwindles into insignificance; and the mere pianoforte-player, who knows the organ only by the black and white of its manuals, snaps his fingers at art, pampers the follies of his auditors, and achieves his only aim—a trifling addition to his income. While we have such congregations, we shall ever have such organists—while church-music is so ill cared for, it will ever disgrace the service to which it belongs.

ANECDOTES OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

(From her Memoirs by the Countess de Merlin.)

MALIBRAN AS A PUPIL.—Maria Garcia's voice was at first feeble. The lower tones were harsh and imperfectly developed, the upper tones were indifferent in quality and limited in extent, and the middle tones wanted clearness. Her intonation was so false as to warrant the apprehension that her ear was defective. I have often heard her say that at the commencement of her vocal practice she would sing so much out of tune that her father, in despair, would leave the piano and retire to another part of the house. Maria, then a mere child, would hurry after him, and with tears implore him to renew the lesson. "Did you hear how much you were out of tune?" Garcia would say. "O yes, papa." "Well, then, let us begin again." This serves to shew that Garcia's severity was modified by the consideration of the possible; and that he felt how insufficient is even the most resolute determination in the effort to overcome certain organic defects. One evening Maria and I were practising a duet into which Garcia had introduced some embellishments, Maria, who was then about 14 years of age, was vainly endeavouring to execute a certain passage, and at last uttered the words "I cannot." In an instant the Andalusian blood of her father rose. He fixed his large eyes sternly upon her, and said, "Did I hear aright?" In another instant she sang the passage perfectly. When we were alone I expressed my surprise at this. "O!" cried she, clasping her hands with emotion, "such is the effect of an angry look from my father, that I am sure it would make me jump from the roof of the house without hurting myself.

A PLEASANT SPECIMEN OF PROFESSIONAL SPITE ON THE PART OF POOR VELLUTI.—One of her early performances was marked by an amusing incident: it serves to show the laudable ambition which animated the young singer, and the courage with which she encountered difficulties at the very outset of her career. She had to sing with Velluti a duo in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*. In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at that rehearsal, as at all preceding ones, Velluti, like an experienced stager, sang the plain notes of his part, reserving his *floritura* for the evening, in the fear that the young *debutante* would imitate them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Velluti sang his solo part, interspersing it with florid ornaments, and closing it with a new and brilliant cadence, which quite enchanted the audience. The *musico* cast a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria, as she advanced to the stage lamps. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her execute the ornaments of Velluti, imparting to them even additional grace, and crowning her triumph with a bold and superb improvisation. Amidst the torrent of applause which followed this effort, and while trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron. Immediately the word "*Bricona!*" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Velluti, afforded her a convincing proof that every triumph carries with it its mortification.

MALIBRAN'S RIVALRY WITH SONTAG.—Whenever Sontag obtained a brilliant triumph, Malibran would weep, and exclaim, "Why does she sing so divinely?" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbingers of renewed exertion and increased improvement. An earnest desire was felt by many distinguished amateurs to hear these two charming singers together in one opera. But they were mutually fearful of each other, and for some time they cautiously avoided being brought together. One evening they met at a concert at my house. A little plot was formed against them, and about the middle of the concert it was proposed that they should sing the duo from *Tancredi*. For some moments they evidently betrayed fear and hesitation; but at length they consented, and they advanced to the piano amidst the plaudits of the company. They stood gazing at each other with a look of distrust and confusion; but at length the closing chord of the introduction roused their attention, and the duo commenced. The applause was rapturous, and was equally divided between the

charming singers. They themselves seemed delighted at the effect they had produced, and astonished to discover how groundless had been their mutual fear. They joined hands, and, inclining affectionately towards each other, they interchanged the kiss of friendship with all the ardour and sensibility of youth.

MALIBRAN'S POWER OF ACTING OFF THE STAGE.—As a relaxation from the fatigues of her professional exertions, she set off, at the end of June, to pass a few weeks at the Chateau de Brizay, the residence of the Countess de Sparre.* That amiable lady, whose talents entitle her to hold the first rank among musicians, as her virtues befit her to occupy the highest station in society, cherished a cordial and sincere friendship for Maria Malibran. When in the country, our *prima donna*, forgetting the crown of "Semiramide," and the harp of "Desdemona," used sometimes to sally forth on her rural rambles, disguised in the garb of a young student. Dressed in a short blouse, a silk handkerchief tied negligently round her neck, and a light *casquette* on her head, she naturally found herself more safe, and under less restraint, than she could have been in female habiliments. She would rise at six in the morning, and go out, sometimes taking a fowling-piece, to enjoy the sport of shooting. At other times she would go out on horseback, always selecting the most spirited horse she could find. After galloping over hill and dale, at the risk of breaking her neck, fording rivers, and exposing herself to every danger, she would return and quell the apprehensions of her friends, who were often painfully alarmed for her safety. During the remainder of the day she would amuse herself with all sorts of childish games and exercises. Among the visitors at the Chateau de Brizay was Dr. D——, an old friend of the Countess de Sparre. The doctor was a remarkably kind-hearted and charitable man, and the gravity of his manners formed an amusing contrast to the gaiety of Madame Malibran. She one day took it into her head to disguise herself as a peasant girl. Her costume was perfect; the pointed cap with long *barbes*, the gold cross, the shoe-buckles,—nothing was wanting. She coloured her skin so as to give the semblance of a swarthy sunburnt complexion, and stuffed out her cheeks with cotton, to impart an appearance of plumpness to her face. Thus disguised, she one day presented herself to the doctor, and, addressing him in the *patois* of the province, which she could mimic in perfection, told him a piteous tale of misfortune. Her mother was ill, and had broken her arm, &c. "I have heard, Sir, that you are a very clever doctor, and I hope you will give me something to cure my poor mother. I assure you we are in miserable poverty!" Dr. D. prescribed some remedies, gave her a little money, and Madame Malibran took her leave. In the evening, when the doctor related to the company the visit he had received, Madame Malibran affected to listen with great interest to his story, and expressed regret that she had not seen the peasant girl. The hoax was several times repeated, and at length the pretended peasant girl gave the old doctor to understand that she was deeply smitten with him. The doctor and the other visitors at the chateau were highly amused at this strange infatuation of the peasant girl. Madame Malibran constantly expressed regret that she could not get sight of the fair *inamorata*, always accounting for her absence by a headache, or a visit to some poor family in the village. One day the pretended peasant, emboldened by the success of her hoax, took the doctor's arm, and walked round the garden in conversation with him. The poor doctor did not attempt to withdraw his arm. He quietly resigned himself to his fate; but, turning to the persons who accompanied him, he said, "What a flattering conquest I have made!" No sooner had he uttered these words, than a smart *soufflet* convinced him of the propriety of being gallant, even to a peasant girl. "And when did you ever make a better, you ungrateful man?" exclaimed Madame Malibran, in her natural tone of voice, which she had hitherto disguised by means of the stuffing she had put into her mouth. Poor Dr. D. stood bewildered with astonishment, whilst all present joined in a roar of laughter, at the same time complimenting Madame Malibran on the perfection of her disguise.

* The daughter of Naldi, the celebrated buffo singer.

MALIBRAN'S CONNEXION WITH DE BERIOT.—De Beriot had conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle S——, but his passion was not returned, the lady's affections being engaged to the individual who afterwards became her husband. Pity is nearly allied to love in the heart of a woman of ardent and romantic feeling; and whilst Madame Malibran pitied De Beriot, she loved him without being conscious of it. They separated at the close of the spring, but they met again at Brussels. One evening they were at the Chateau de Chimay, De Beriot played a concerto which enchanted all who heard him. At its conclusion, Madame Malibran stepped up to him, and taking his hand in hers, in a faltering voice expressed her admiration of his performance. Her eyes were overflowing with tears, and she was agitated by the most powerful emotions. Whilst endeavouring to disguise her embarrassment, by giving utterance to a string of compliments and congratulations, some words escaped her which sufficiently denoted her real sentiments.

MALIBRAN'S CHARITY.—One day a poor Italian refugee applied to Lablache for assistance. He had received permission to return home, but, alas! he was destitute of the means. The next day, at rehearsal, Lablache broached the subject of the refugee's distress, and proposed a subscription. Madame Lablache, Donzelli, and several others, subscribed each two guineas. "And you, Maria," said Lablache, turning to Madame Malibran, "what will you give?" "The same as the rest," answered she carelessly, and went on practising her part. With this little treasure the charitable and kind-hearted Lablache flew to succour his unfortunate countryman. The next morning Maria took an opportunity to speak to him alone. "Here are ten pounds more for your poor friend," said she, slipping a note into his hands; "I would not give more than the others yesterday, fearing they might think me ostentatious. Take it to him, but do not say a word about it to any one." Lablache joyfully hastened to the lodgings of the Italian refugee. He had left them, and had gone to embark. Nothing daunted, Lablache proceeded to the Tower-stairs. The vessel was under weigh, and his friend on board. He hailed a boat, and offered the boatman a large reward, if he would row after the vessel, and overtake her. He succeeded in doing so. Lablache went on board, and presented the welcome donation to the refugee, who, falling on his knees, poured forth a heartfelt prayer for her who was thus ready to succour a fellow creature in distress.

MALIBRAN'S GREAT SELF-WILL.—On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising, she ordered her saddle-horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play "Arsace." Having dressed for the part, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm spread, and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment, Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting *prima donna*. Madame Malibran recovered, but, alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune: the house was already filled—the audience were beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance. Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer. "Stay," exclaimed Malibran, "I'll remedy this." Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking-glass, and, though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage singing with Semiramide-Sontag.

CHARACTERISTIC EXCERPTA FROM AN AMERICAN MUSICAL PERIODICAL.

A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE "ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM" IN FAVOUR OF Music.—To persons acting as local or travelling agents, a discount of twenty

per cent. will be made. Friends of Music, teachers, choristers, and all who care a fig about the subject, put your *hands into your pockets*, and your *pens to paper* if necessary, and let not the foul and disgraceful charge, that musical men are such a class of ignoramuses, that they neither know how, nor have the ability to support a musical paper more than a year, any longer stand against us.

SPEAKING TO THE POINT.—Some of our friends have expressed their fears, that our first number was spiced rather too much with begging. Such fears they may at once dismiss, since we in the first place have no such fears; and in the second place, were such a charge made, we should have no difficulty in showing it to be a gross insult. No, we do not beg. We would enforce the *CLAIMS* of Music. Has Music no claim upon the sympathies and aid of the community? Has that cause which sends a thrill of joy into almost every family, and comes like a heavenly messenger, to quiet the restless infant—to gladden the faces, and render merry the hearts of the boys and girls; to furnish a healthful, cheerful and innocent amusement to "young men and maidens"—to instruct and cheer, and render happy the family circle of old and young—to warm and animate the devotions of the saint—no *claims* on those who share her genial and peaceful influence? Do we give to beggars in supporting the Gospel? Are the heathen beggars, or are we under the highest obligations to hand over to them that over which the Owner of all things has made us stewards? We are called upon to extinguish the flames of our neighbour's dwelling, and are they who say come and help us, beggars? O shame! hide thy head. Beg?—we do not beg. Shall the cause of Music suffer shipwreck, and they who raise the cry to come to the rescue, be called beggars? We beg not. We only say to the professed friends of Music—Do your duty. We do say send in your dollars, and we will send out a periodical which shall profit and interest. Help we must have, nor do we beg it. If there is not a willing heart, and a ready hand to grant it, SHAME, we say, SHAME, shame upon those who profess and do not. If we present not a claim, then let our pen lie silent. But we see no cause for alarm. The reverse—things look prosperous. Our appeal *will not* be in vain. A little host shall rise up and support the cause. Go, then, little VISITOR, and tell thy story. Their left hand shall take thee, and their right hand shall feel for the dollar.

BEAU-IDEAL OF A MUSIC-SCHOOL.—**BOSTON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**—This is not what there *is*, but what there *ought to be*. A musical institution, with its board of trustees, officers of instruction, students, and three or four years course. Its library comprising all the musical works which have ever been written, in addition to all the other standard ancient and modern scientific literary and historical works. Its cabinet or museum of musical instruments, from the organ of "Jubal," down to the Jews' harp of the present day. Such a room, fitly furnished, would be a history itself—with philosophical apparatus, illustrating the science of acoustics more complete than can be found in the country—one made expressly for it. Its officers should embrace the following individuals. A first-rate Harmonist, perfectly acquainted with every department of harmony, and "apt to teach." A first-rate conductor of concerts and oratorios, himself a perfect timist, refined in taste, and an able vocalist. A teacher of teachers of the elements of vocal music. First-rate professors of all wind and stringed instruments in common use. Professors of mathematics, of the Greek, Latin, of the German, Italian and French languages: of Chemistry, of Botany and Geology; of Elocution and Rhetoric, a Chaplain and President. Such a Faculty would embrace from seven to twelve officers. The students should *all be required* to study vocal and instrumental music, rhetoric and elocution, in connection with writing musical and prose compositions, and speaking; and some of the other studies, of their own choice, sufficient to occupy all their time, for at least three years. How such an institution is to be established and supported, with more minute particulars of internal management, the encouragement to students, &c., will be worthy of our consideration. "But what," says Jonathan, "is the use of all this?" That remains to be told.

REVIEW.

A new and correct edition of Mozart's Pianoforte Works, edited by Cipriani Potter.

Two numbers of this publication now lie before us: both are sets of variations—one on the air, “Une fièvre brûlante;” and the other on a “Salve Domine.” Mr. Potter has done his duty by these pretty trifles; the fingering is indicated at any occurrence of awkwardness, and they are altogether brought out in most praiseworthy style. We can confidently recommend them to teachers for the use of young players, since they are good subjects for practice, without containing anything likely to vitiate the taste.

Classical Practice for Pianoforte Students, selected from the most celebrated Composers, ancient and modern.—Edited by William Sterndale Bennett.

Dussek's fine sonata in C minor, dedicated to Clementi, is contained in No. 2 of this work. A publication of this kind offers great advantages to the student; by its means he possesses a gratifying and improving course of practice, and, while under the auspices of such a musician as Mr. Bennett, he is insured the cream of this kind of writing at half the expense and none of the risk attendant on making a selection for himself.

Les noces Royales. Quadrille de contre-dances pour le Pianoforte, par Rudolph Nordmann.

These quadrilles are gay and sprightly enough; but, musically speaking, we find in them nothing worth notice.

Fantasia for the Pianoforte—commemorative of the Nuptials of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, composed by George F. Harris.

This is one of those deadly-lively affairs on which it is extremely difficult to pass a distinct opinion. It is fifteen pages in length, which, according to taste, may or may not be in its favour: it is free from incorrectness—it contains neither extravagance nor absurdity—and after this fashion we might enumerate some half-dozen of its negative virtues, being, meanwhile, unable to predicate its possession of one positive beauty. As the only decided instance of bad taste, we may quote a remnant of the “Battle of Prague”—its “drum” and “trumpet” introduction; after which comes a march and trio, having all the pomp and circumstance of that species of composition, without, however, a single striking point, or, indeed, any other sort of musical idea than may be most innocently formed on the three chords of its scale. Next in order, we find the national anthem with four variations, embracing the usual assortment of triplets, octaves alternately for the right and left hand, and mixed scale and arpeggio passage—all very straightforward and very antique. To this succeeds the German air, “God preserve the Emperor,” with three variations as before; and our final deliverance is effected by an “Allegro Vivacissimo,” in 3-4 time, in which portions of the two airs are varied by turns—the whole being wound up by a *coda* of the usual *bravura* description.

Six Waltzes for the Pianoforte, composed by Percival E. Litchfield, Esq.

These are very agreeable indications of Mr. Litchfield's musical talent. We cannot charge them with outrageous novelty, but their author claims, as a distinction from the general herd of amateur composers, the merit of selecting with dexterity and taste—his larceny is often apparent, but it aims at a valuable order of property. Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 6, are really very elegant morsels of their kind, and although the remaining two are not so commendable, we advise the waltz-loving among our readers to purchase them, with all their faults, for the sake of the rest.

Esther's Prayer, “Lord of all and King alone,” adapted to a Hebrew melody, with symphonies and accompaniment, by Osmond G. Phipps.

We object, *au commencement*, to this adaptation that the music is altogether inapplicable to the words. The character of the air is essentially jovial, and singing it slowly merely deprives it of its own meaning without imparting to it another. Mr. Phipps's particular share in the business is, also, not very satis-

factory in one or two instances—*ex. gr.*, the unisonous march of the accompaniment with the voice which occurs twice, and is in bad taste, as interrupting the course of the harmony without any justifying effect; and a progression between the fifth and sixth bars of the third page, to which we cannot conceive the reconciliation of a musician's conscience.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—DONIZETTI'S NEW OPERA "LES MARTYRS."—For months Parisian amateurs have been on the *qui vive* for the production of Donizetti's new opera at the Académie Royale. The popularity which this composer's music enjoys here may be gathered from the fact, that this season his works have been performed at three theatres on the same night, namely, the Italian Opera, the Opera Comique, and the Renaissance. For the two last-mentioned establishments, Donizetti's inspirations are now actually being called into play. In short, Donizetti, in music, appears to be as prolific as Scribe in dramas. The anxiety to obtain places, was, perhaps, never more strongly evinced. The ticket speculators, who, by some compact with the administration of the opera, secured all the boxes and stalls not appertaining to the regular subscribers, made a rich harvest, as in the afternoon as much as 100*fr.* were paid for a single place. The audience, it may be conceived, therefore was rich and overflowing in illustrations—the diplomatic, political, and literary world, and the fashionable coteries affording the most brilliant quota. When the time for the commencement of the performance arrived, imagine the horror, the fear, the disappointment of this most elegant auditory at seeing the curtain rise suddenly without overture, and a thin, cadaverous-looking man approach the stage lamps with the customary three bows, the awful indication of an apology. We all thought we were doomed to be martyrs, before, as well as behind the curtain, but were reassured when the manager intimated that M. Massol had had a rheumatic attack in his left hand, but rather than that the opera should be put off, requested the indulgence of the audience to appear with his arm in a sling! Permission was given amidst a storm of cheering and laughter—glad enough to escape with this lame excuse. The overture then opened in due form, Habeneck leading his proud orchestral phalanx. The first movement of the overture was particularly fine—a slow solemn theme in the ecclesiastical school. It would have been better to have terminated with it, for it was a good key to the opera, but Donizetti seems to have thought it was necessary to prove he could write a long overture as well as a brief introduction, which usually precedes his operas. The breaks from the slow movement were abrupt and common-place, but were relieved nearly at the end, by a march, in which the cornet à piston (that everlasting resource) came into play. One singularity was remarked in this overture. After the march a sacred chorus was heard behind the scenes, accompanied by the band, and after some bars it ceased, and instead, as was expected, the curtain rising, the orchestra, at the sound of a gong, broke into a brilliant rondo finale. M. Scribe's preface to the *libretto* must here be noticed. He answers the expected criticisms of the "literary impiety" in taking one of Corneille's plays for an operatic purpose, by stating that Gluck had chosen Racine's tragedy of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, as also the *Iphigénie en Tauride* of Guimond Delatouche, which had been treated both by Gluck and Picini, and the *Cid* of Corneille, by Sacchini, &c. M. Scribe contends, that as music requires strong dramatic passion, effects, and situations, and as Corneille's works afford them, no better subjects can be taken for *libretti*. M. Scribe concludes by apologising for alterations which were indispensable in the poetry of *Polyeucte*, and that he has kept in view Voltaire, Laharpe, and Andrieux in the changes. We learn also from M. Scribe's preface that Donizetti had written the opera of the *Martyrs* under the title of *Poliatto*, for the San Carlos at Naples, but that its representation had been forbidden by the authorities. I can say at this stage that they exercised a sound discretion in taking this course; for it is an impious subject for the

stage, as I shall presently prove. The following was the distribution of the principal parts:—

Felix, Governor of Armenia, in the name of the Emperor Decius.....	M. Derivis.
Polyeucte (his son-in-law)	M. Duprez.
Sévère (Roman Pro-Consul)	M. Maasol.
Calisthenes (Priest of Jupiter)	M. Serda.
Nearque (a Christian)	M. Wartel.
Pauline (daughter of Felix).....	Mme. Dorus-Gras.

The scene is in Melitena, the capital of Armenia. The first act opens with a view of the catacombs, in which a number of Christians was secretly assembled to perform the rites of their religion. *Polyeucte*, with his friend *Nearque*, enter, and the former, in a well-written recitative, narrates his conversion from Heathenism to the Christian faith. The cavatina which Duprez sings—

“Que l'onde salutaire
Sépanche sur mon front.”

derives its interest from the fine voice of the singer more than from the originality of the composer. The Christians retire, and *Pauline* descends into the tomb attended by her maidens, who sing a hymn to *Proserpine*, whilst wreaths are attached to the tomb of *Pauline's* mother, and funeral dances (which are somewhat absurd) are performed. *Pauline* has then a long *scena*, from which we learn that, although married to *Polyeucte*, she is attached to another. This was a very difficult, but not an effective piece, and Donizetti was deeply indebted to the extraordinary execution of Dorus Gras. *Pauline* discovers that the Christians are in prayer, and is horror-struck at finding that her husband has adopted their faith. She tells him:—

“Leur Dieu n'est qu'un imposteur,”

and it is such blasphemy as this which is permitted on the French stage. The finale of this act is a series of imprecations exchanged between the Heathens and the Christians in the catacombs, and, as the music was heavy and tiresome, the revolting subject of the story was not, if it could be indeed, by any talent, redeemed.

The second act opens in the palace of the Governor of Armenia. *Felix* indicts a proclamation of death and proscription against the Christians. The air is monotonous, and was monotonously sung by Derivis. *Pauline* enters and dreads that her husband's recantation may be found out, and that he may be thus so seriously compromised. There is much noisy music through the scene, but a polacca exquisitely sung by Dorus Gras, rather redeemed it. She gave a continuity of most rapidly ascending and descending passages with remarkable ease and precision; but the outbreak of joy was singularly out of place and indecent. She sings of her transports of joy at the return of *Sévère*, who was long wept in Rome as dead, having been one of her choicest heroes. The scene changes to a magnificent picture of the great square of Melitena, with superb edifices, porticoes, statues, and obelisks. Across the extremity of the stage is a triumphal arch. The perspective was very grand, and nothing could be more imposing than the apparently countless multitude waiting for the arrival of the procession. The *real* mob on the stage was immense, and was doubled to an inconceivable reality of *apparent* confusion and jostling for the best places to see the Roman hero. At length the bards lead the way; the legions and cohorts follow, lightly and heavily armed: standards, eagles, laurel bearers, dancers, and costly plate, all succeed in gorgeous array. *Sévère* appears in a superb car drawn by four horses abreast, followed by Roman cavalry, and the deputations of various trades, slaves, gladiators, amazons, bands of music, and the whole closed by the masses of people, presented altogether a *coup d'œil* which exceeded anything ever before essayed in the way of pageant, even at the Académie. The spectacle was received with deafening cheering, and for classical correctness of costume, gorgeousness, and for picturesque effect, was pronounced unanimously to have been unprecedented. Of course a ballet followed, commencing by a struggle of gladiators, but I have seen it infinitely better done at Ducrow's theatre. Then came a pretty *pas de deux* between Mdlle. Blangy and Mdlle. Nathalie Fitzjames, and one between Mme. Alexis Dupont and Mdlle. Louis Fitzjames, and finally a dance

of amazons, which was much too long, but, taking the *divertissement* upon the whole, it reflects credit on M. Corali, the inventor. Massol's pretty cavatina

"Amour de mon jeune age
Tu dont la douce image
Au sein de l'exlavage
Sontint ma vie et mon espoir!"

was beautifully sung by this rising singer, whose fine baritone, and great expression throughout the opera, raised him immensely in the estimation of amateurs. The finale of this act is filled up with the discovery by *Sévère* of *Pauline's* marriage, and his despair, the denunciation of *Callisthenes* and the priests, of the secret proselytism of the Christians, and the determination expressed by *Felix* and *Sévère* to punish them if found out. But for the spectacle and Massol's air this was, as everybody agreed in the *foyer*, excessively *ennuyant*.

The third act opens in *Pauline's* room, where she is visited by *Sévère*, and, in a long duo, the married lady and her former lover complain of their sad fate. I can conscientiously praise Dorus Gras and Massol for their energy in the very puerile composition allotted to them. When *Sévère* leaves *Pauline* her husband enters musing, and we learn that his newly acquired religion has made him a fanatic, for his ambition is to be a martyr—to die at the stake in despite of his stake on the contrary faith. An air which Duprez sings here, "Mon seul trésor, mon bien suprême," has some very pleasing accompaniments, in which the violoncello is skilfully and effectually called into action. A bravura which, in fact, is the cabaletto of the preceding air,

"Oui j'èrai dans leurs temples,"

afforded Duprez the opportunity of one of those tremendous bursts for which he is so famous. I do not pretend to say that it was equal to his "Suivez moi," in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, but its effect on the audience, from his extraordinary energy and power of voice, was scarcely less electrical. The scene then changes to the temple of Jupiter, and sacred wood, a scene of massive grandeur, realizing one of our Martin's monstrosities in colossal buildings. *Callisthenes*, the high priest, and his assistants, proceed regularly through a heathen ceremony, with tripods, vases, images, laurel crowns, garlands, sacred bands, libation cups, &c. The breaking of the cake, the incense, the immolation of a victim, and the consultation of its entrails, &c., are all gone through systematically, and so seriously that no provocation to laughter was given, although I question whether such mummeries would pass current in an English theatre. At the close of the service *Nearque* is brought in prisoner, having been discovered in the act of baptism of a converted Pagan. He refuses to give up his accomplice, and then the *finale* of this act (the gem of the opera) begins. *Polyeucte* becomes inspired, and avows that he is the offender, that he is a Christian. This gives rise to a very clever sestet by Dorus Gras, Derivis, Duprez, Massol, Serda, and Wortel. There is the despair of *Pauline* at her husband's impending fate, for, although she loves another, duty and honour are strong within her. There is the fanaticism of *Polyeucte*, there is the hatred of *Sévère*, and the fanatical horror of *Felix*—combined passions well developed in the music. *Polyeucte* is in vain urged to ask for pardon; he becomes maddened with religious fury, breaks the sacred vases, and throws down the idols. It was splendid acting as well as singing of Duprez, as well as the other performers. *Polyeucte* and *Nearque* are seized by the guards; they invite death; they only escape the fury of the soldiers and the multitude by *Pauline* placing herself before them. This scene of mingled rage and fury is one of great excitement. The *crescendo* effects of the chorus and orchestra were really striking—the French called it *grandiose* and sublime. The third act, therefore, terminated by the conclusion that Donizetti had fully redeemed himself, and perhaps outstripped all his former writings. The construction of this finale resembles very much that of the one in his *Lucia*, but on a broader and more effective scale.

The fourth and last act opens in a room in *Felix's* palace. The father and the daughter bewail their fate, but the former sternly refuses to save his son-in-law's life. *Sévère* coincidea in a rigorous sentence, but, moved by the entreaties of *Pauline*, promises to save *Polyeucte*, when *Felix* declares that he will play the part of the Roman father, that his authority is supreme, and that the Christians

must be sacrificed. *Felix* holds out but one hope of grace—the abjuration of *Polyeucte*, and *Pauline* flies to the prison to obtain it. In the dungeon *Polyeucte* is resigned, and a long duet ensues between him and *Pauline*, the result of which is that he converts her, the darkness being removed from her by hearing celestial music. The conclusion of this duo was a plagiarism from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Not only has Donizetti taken a very similar theme, but has resorted to the instrumental effects arising from eight harps. The duo nevertheless caused an immense sensation from the impassioned singing of Dorus Gras and Duprez. The concluding scene represents a vast peristyle, which leads to the circus or amphitheatre, the galleries of which are crowded with the heathen population, assembled to witness the devouring of the Christian martyrs by ferocious animals. There is a grating of iron, through which the fatal arena is seen. The Governor and *Sévère* and guards are assembled, and the procession of martyrs arrives. *Felix* swoons with horror at seeing his daughter locked in *Polyeucte's* arms, and determined to share her husband's fate:—

“ Unis sur la terre
Unis dans les cieux !
Pour vous, pour mon père,
Nous prions tous deux !”

Sévère in vain urges *Pauline* to desist; she enters the circus with *Polyeucte* and the other Christians; the curtain descends, if not with, as the book stated, amidst the roaring of the lions, at least with as loud a roar of applause as was ever heard within the walls of any theatre.

To sum up the merits of the *Martyrs* as a musical production requires but few words. It contains greater beauties than Donizetti had yet presented us with, but at the same time includes a great quantity of very heavy music, and of no small proportion of plagiarism, Bellini and Meyerbeer being the most ransacked, the former for melodies, and the latter for orchestral treatment. The finale of the third act will be the favourite, and Duprez's bravura, perhaps, the next. One great fault is perceptible. The Académie has been named the asylum for *criards*, and this opera will justify the reproach, for there is scarcely a *morceau* in which the singers have not to make the best use of their lungs. This constant singing at the top and at the utmost strength of the voice becomes wearisome, and deprives the really highly dramatic situations of half their proper effect. Of its execution, too, much cannot be said in praise of the band and chorus. The *ensemble* was delightful, Duprez surpassed himself. He was in excellent voice, and acted as well as he sang. Music of the Italian school does not appear to be altogether adapted to the powers of Dorus Gras. Accomplished as she is in the execution of enormous difficulties, her style is cold, and the same frigidity is perceptible in her histrionic efforts. Massol has acquired great fame; he will be the Tamburini of the French stage. Derivis and Serda have fine bass voices, but their intonation is by no means certain. The *mise en scène* was surpassingly grand.

After the opera the names of the composer, the ballet-master, and the scene-painters were called for, and given amidst great approbation, but M. Scribe's name was not asked for nor announced. The Parisians seem to dislike the apparent monopoly of his being libretto-writer in ordinary and extraordinary to the Académie Royale. Duprez and Dorus Gras had also the usual curtain honours. The general opinion seems to be that *The Martyrs* will be a “hit—a palpable hit.”—From a Correspondent of the Morning Post.

METROPOLITAN.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA SECOND CONCERT, April 20.

PART I.

Symphony, Pastoral.....	Beethoven.
Duetto, Signora Tosi and Signora Tamburini, “Dunquo son,” (Il Barbiere di Siviglia).....	Rossini.
Aria, Signora Ernesta Grist, “Elena!” (La Donna del Lago).....	Rossini.
Fantasia, Pinaforte, Mr. Forbes, “Mosè in Egitto”.....	Thalberg.
Scena, Sig. Tamburini, “Zaira”.....	Mercadante.
Finale, Cenerentola, Signora Tosi.....	Rossini.
Overture, “Midsummer's Night's Dream”.....	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Overture, "Der Frieschutz"	Weber.
Duetto, Signoras Tosi and Ernesta Grisi, "Deh! Conte," (Norma)	Bellini.
Fantasia, Clarionet, Herr. Ijzen (His first appearance in this Country) ..	Baerman.
La Tarentola, Sig. Tamburini	Rossini.
Overture, "Anacreon,"	Clérubini.

A sort of understanding appears to exist at these concerts, that the grandest piece of descriptive music extant—the *Pastorale* of Beethoven—should be played at least once in each season, and most grateful are we for the arrival of the night on which it pleases the directors to order its performance. Next to the ninth symphony of the same author, it is the most astonishing orchestral picture that human genius ever conceived. Its unbounded freshness utterly defies the wear and tear of familiarity; to say that new beauties are detected at every hearing is but to utter a triteness in every way unworthy of the subject. What nature, in her most wanton luxuriance of the exquisite and most awe-striking demonstration of power, is to the eye, this wonderful effect of mimicry is to the ear; and the one faculty can no more, at a single glance, comprehend the combined loveliness of mountain, rivulet, and valley, and the terrible sublimity of elemental strife, than the other can, at the first trial, grasp every point in the astonishing delineations of Beethoven's score. The symphony was, on the whole, played with more discriminating style than we have noticed on former occasions at these concerts, although many portions of the delicious 12-8 movement would have profited largely by a somewhat smoother style of execution. The effect of the "Storm" at the end of the *scherzo* was superbly rendered;—that one point, which can never be effaced from the mind that has once been made conscious of its magnificence—the crisis, as it were, of the tempest, in which an almost superhuman power seems to wield the resources of the orchestra, came upon us with an overwhelming effect which we never before experienced. The vocalities of the programme need no comment. They are all hacknied to the least degree of thread-bareness; and only one—the spirited and brilliant *Tarentella* of Rossini, which Tamburini sang with a thoroughly equivalent vivacity—has sterling worth enough to rescue it from the contempt which familiarity, in such cases, very properly engenders. Signora Tosi's appearance was a novel feature, but her performance had no revivifying effect on the music allotted to her: on the contrary, she made matters worse with the "Non piu mesta," her versions of which was, perhaps, a string of the ugliest vocal extravagancies which human throat ever uttered. Mr. Forbes, we think, committed a radical error in the choice of pianoforte music for this concert. Of all *furori*, none ever seduced instrumental performers into such untoward dilemmas as that for the compositions of Thalberg. They were intended by their author for the display of *his own* peculiar capabilities, and their difficulties are, in consequence, so intense, as to be ungraspable save by himself, Liszt, Chopin, or some other player who has studied expressly and solely in that school of execution. Unlike the pianoforte works of Hummel, Weber, Kalkbrenner, Mendelssohn, and, last, but not least, our countryman Sterndale Bennett, their effect does not depend on their own beauty, but on the adventitious qualities of the performer—while the public cares not to analyze the cause of its raptures, it requires no sorcery to discover that the extraordinary *playing* of Thalberg, and not his *music*, is the ensnarer of judgment in Europe. Mr. Forbes, therefore,—less from defect of ability than of judgment—in attempting anything so remotely inconsistent with his original course of study as the *fantasia* from "Mosé in Egitto," very naturally failed to gratify his audience. His performance was, certainly, an ingenious struggle with enormous difficulties, but it was *not* the playing of Thalberg;—it lacked his force, his fascinating grace of madner, and, we may add, his infallible correctness. Mendelssohn's delicious overture, "Der Sommernachtsstraum," did not, in many small points, receive justice as to its style. The opening chords for wind-instruments were separated by an interval of time nearly equal to half the duration of a bar;—each bar is "paused," we know, but a rest is not a necessary concomitant of such a process, and is, assuredly, a very disagreeable interruption to the march of the harmony. Again, the succeeding figure for the violins was not, nor, to our taste, ever is, played sufficiently *piano*. Nothing but the most attenuated delicacy of execution can furnish an audience with the key to

this curious and beautiful conception: but, unfortunately, until our conductors be endowed with poetic feeling or music be made as universally intelligible as a child's horn-book, it will be vain to look for the realization of a composer's fantasies, or even a strict reading of the directions in a score. The *cantabile* subject of the overture, also, was, and generally is, deprived of much of its intrinsic gracefulness by an unyielding preservation of the time. A slight restraint of the speed seems indicated by the character of this charming melody; and, with a well trained orchestra, no operation could be more simple. This, to be sure, is a matter of taste;—not so, however, the necessity that sundry wind-points, scattered here and there through the composition, should be played accurately in tune. Herr Itjen—principal clarinet in the band of the German company, lately arrived in London, we believe—is a clever, but scarcely first-rate, instrumentalist. He has a clear and brilliant, though somewhat too noisy, tone; and his execution and style are good, without in any way touching on the marvellous. He should, however, play better music;—the larger portion of his *fantasia* was made up of trite variations on a *tema* of very childish simplicity; and the whole, from the prevalent use of the upper, and not most agreeable, part of the instrument, savoured strongly of a destination for military purposes. The overture to *Der Freyschütz*, although dashingly executed, might have been greatly improved in two points—viz. the horn-quartet in the first movement, which was played with rather more than twice the requisite amount of power,—and the succeeding allusion to *Zamiel* and his works, wherein much of the thrilling effect from the *chalmereau* of the clarinets was lost through a very unusual fault in our wind-instruments generally—a too great suppression of tone. The overture to *Anacreon* was finely played—or, at least, as much so as the English school of orchestral fiddle-playing will permit.

The third concert will take place on Monday, May 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LISZT is now at Paris; he will make his first appearance at Mrs. Toulmin's and Mr. Parry, Junior's, Concert to take place on the 8th of next month.

THE PALESTINA.—We understand that this novel and ingenious instrument, invented by the organist of Lurgan Church, is to be performed on in Newry this week; and we hope our townsmen will not be backward in patronizing native talent and enterprise. The following description of "the Palestina" has been published by a contemporary:—"It consists of a large violin body without neck or finger-board, placed horizontally on a frame, having a greater number of strings than the violoncello, which are acted on by a bow at one end, and a key-board, as in the pianoforte, answering to the left-hand of the violin player. The entire of the strings are at once under the movement of the bow; and, to avoid the discordant effect which must ensue when a piano tone is required, any string is made removable at pleasure from the touch of the bow, by the simple contrivance of a few treddles, wrought with the foot, and connected with a damper in the inside of the instrument. One great beauty of the instrument is, that by the judicious disposition of the stops, each one produces the full chord of any key in which the performer thinks proper to play. The tone is most powerful; and, from the vast variety of notes capable of being produced; it forms one of the best orchestral instruments which we have seen.

THE annual prize of ten guineas, given by the Huddersfield Glee Club, was awarded to Mr. Jackson, organist of Masham, in Yorkshire, on Wednesday the 15th instant. The successful composition is said to exhibit a very intimate knowledge of science, while its display of happy invention unequivocally attests Mr. Jackson's possession of the highest of the composer's requisites. The words are felicitously chosen, and its peculiar musical feature, (national characteristic traits,) will probably render this glee acceptable to every native of England, Ireland and Scotland, who is susceptible either to the concord of sweet sounds, or the patriotic breathings of his native land. The competing glees were five in number, and exhibited, of course, various grades of merit, but, with the exception of Mr. Jackson's, they were inferior on the whole to the display of last year, when Mr. Battye's beautiful composition, "Hail memory," carried off the prize.

LISZT is announced to appear at Benedict's concert on the 29th of May, but we have heard that he is to play at the Philharmonic previously, probably on the 25th of that month.

It is reported that all the opera stars will appear at the next Ancient Concert, which will be under the direction of Prince Albert, but there will be several English singers as well.

On Thursday, April 7th, a concert was given for the benefit of the Hoxton Christ National Schools, in the school-room belonging to the charity. The principal vocalists were Misses Birch, Pennington, and Dolby, and Messrs. Leffler and Allen, all of whom fully sustained the high reputation they have deservedly acquired. Miss Birch sung, "From mighty kings," (Handel), with great delicacy and neatness, and Mr. Leffler gave Purcell's fine song "Mad Tom" most effectively. Mr. Clinton performed a solo on the flute; Mr. Dando officiated as leader of the band, and Mr. Wilkinson as conductor. Mr. Watson as director of the concert is entitled to the thanks of the committee and friends of the institution.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		HARP.	
Rimbault, S. F.—Rossini's overture to La Gazza Ladra, arranged as a duet, for two performers. <i>Z. T. Purday.</i>		Dibdin's short effective Fantasia on a favourite Air. <i>Chappell.</i>	
— Winter's Il Ratto prosperpino; solo. <i>Ditto.</i>		VOCAL.	
— Mozart's Il Seraglio; duet. <i>Ditto.</i>		National English Airs, Part 3; edited by W. Chappell. <i>Chappell.</i>	
— Mercadante's Eliza e Claudio; ditto. <i>Ditto.</i>		Barnett, J.—The village church in yonder vale. <i>Chappell.</i>	
— Herold's Zampa; ditto. <i>Ditto.</i>		Macfarren, G. A.—Unmoved I cull th' undying flowers. <i>Ditto.</i>	
— Ditto Les pre aux Clerc's; ditto. <i>Ditto.</i>		Lee, Alexander.—Meet me by moonlight; duet. <i>Ditto.</i>	
Czerney, Heller, and Liszt.—The Triumvirate, or, Homage to Schubert, 37 of his popular Melodies, nos. 1 to 37; solo. <i>Wessel & Co.</i>		Coccia's New Opera, Giovanna II. Regina di Napoli.—Qual Nostr' alma unia l'Alma Romanza, <i>Boosey & Co.</i>	
Lindpaintner.—Overture to Joko, by Mockwitz; duet. <i>Ditto.</i>		Perche tristo e ognor dolente; recitativo e duetto. <i>Ditto.</i>	
Strauss's Valsees Universelles, set 32, Pilgeram Rhein; duet. <i>Ditto.</i>		Quale Sguardo; recitativo e terzetto. <i>Ditto.</i>	
Barret's Souvenir du Theatre Italien Suite de Valse; sur des Motifs tirés des Operas, La Sonnambula; Anna Bolena; Elisire d'Amore; Zalmira; and La Donna del Lago. <i>Boosey & Co.</i>		Oh! quale nuovo tumulto d'affetto; aria finale. <i>Ditto.</i>	
McKockell's Impromptu en forme de Valse. <i>Chappell.</i>		Rosenhain.—L'Aube naît et la porte est close; bolero. <i>Ditto.</i>	
TWO CORNETS AND PIANOFORTE.		rolla. <i>Ditto.</i>	
Childe.—Duett on Zampa and Elisire d'Amore. <i>Wessel & Co.</i>		— La Canzone della Matina; bolero. <i>Ditto.</i>	
— Six Italian Trios, 1 to 6. <i>Ditto.</i>		VOCAL AND PIANOFORTE.	
		Molique.—Six German Songs, nos. 220 to 225; translated by F. W. Rosier. <i>Wessel & Co.</i>	

GRAND EVENING CONCERT.

Under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.

MR. HENRY HAYWARD and **MR. CARTE** will give their CONCERT at the HANOVER ROOMS, on Monday, May the 4th, commencing at Eight o'clock.

In the First Part will be performed a NEW ORATORIO, written and composed by Miss MARY LINWOOD.

In the Second Part, Mr. HAYWARD will perform on the Violin TWO GRAND SOLOS, composed by himself; and Mr. CARTE will play on the Flute a GRAND FANTASIA and in a DUET.

Vocalists—Miss CLARA NOVELLO, Mr. A. TOULMIN, the Misses WILLIAMS and Miss BRUCE, Mr. PEARSELL and Mr. LEFFLER.

Chorus Master, Mr. HARRIS. A full and complete band selected from the principal orchestras in London, will be led by MR. LODGE. Conductor—SIR GEORGE SMART.

Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets, to admit three, 12 1s. each; Tickets for reserved seats, 15s. each, to be had at Mr. Carte's, 61, Greek Street, Soho; of Mr. Hayward, 43, Gerrard Street, Soho, and at the principal music-sellers.

NEW SONG by the COUNTESS of BLESSINGTON.—Doth slumber veil thine eyes of light? This exquisite song by Lady Blessington has been admirably set to music by James Hine, Esq., and, from its intrinsic merits, bids fair to become the most popular composition of the day.

London: Jefferys & Co., 31, Frith-street, Soho,

Where may be had, the new ballad by Nelson—Oh! forget me; sung at all the principal concerts.

M. LISZT.—The eminent Pianist will make his first appearance at Mrs. A. TOULMIN and Mr. JOHN PARRY'S Grand Evening Concert, Friday, May 8, 1846, in addition to the talent already announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the principal Music-shops; Stall and Orchestra-seats, Fifteen Shillings, to be had only of Mrs. A. Toulmin, 31, Great Russell-street; and Mr. John Parry, 17, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square.

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